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POETRY.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old!—how the thought will rise,
When a glance is backward cast,
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past;
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of our early tears;
But it seems like a far off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.

O! Wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a bark
Have the whelming billows rolled—
That steered with us from that early mark,
Oh! friends! we are growing old.

Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toils and cares—
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
Which our burthened memory bears,
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met.

But, O! the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding way—
The graves on our paths that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey!
The winter on our own may spare
The sable or the gold,
But we see it snows upon brighter hair,
And friends, we are growing old.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear—
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joyous heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page,
But where is the hope that saw in time
Its boundless heritag?

Will it come again when the violet wakes
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of the sunny brakes,
Where the bloom is deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring time then,
But the joy was faint and cold;
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old!

Miscellaneous.

Buck English.

Some eighty years ago there appeared in that city of Ireland which is called, "the beautiful," a remarkable character, generally known as Buck English. He answered to this name, which, it was said, had been given him, as by common consent, on account of his fashionable appearance, manners, and pursuits, and because his accent clearly indicated that he came from England. At all events, in the year 1770, Buck English was a principal in the fashionable society of Cork, its 'observed of all observers,' its 'glass of fashion,' if not its "mould of form."

Buck English spent his money freely; but no man knew whence it came. Inquiries had been cautiously ventured upon by inquisitive parties, and the result arrived at was, that rarely, if ever, did any remittance reach him through a banker. He sometimes performed actions which might be called generous; but the real objects for benevolence, he used to say, were those who struggle to maintain appearances—who would rather die than ask for help. Sometimes gratitude would speak out; for parties whom his timely aid had rescued from ruin, meeting him accidently in public, could not be restrained from breathing blessings on the benefactor whose name they knew not; and the occasional occurrence of such things—which really were not got up for display—authorized the conjecture that Buck English was bountiful in many other instances, which were not made known. This belief operated so much in his favor, that many who would have disdained any intimacy with one whose personal history was unknown, and who, therefore, might be an adventurer, did not hesitate to admit our hero into familiar intimacy, such as others, of more unquestioned stations and means, vainly endeavored to attain. When stamped 'sterling' by the select, he readily passed into currency with all the rest.

Hence, the conclusion could be arrived at that Buck English was a popular character. He had apparently turned the sharp corner of five and thirty; and did not look more than this age. Now, whatever five and thirty may be for a lady—forcing on her, I fear, the brevet rank of a certain age—it is the very prime of manhood. Thus, in this respect, Buck English was as unfortunate as in others. There was a backdraw, however—for who can be perfection? This was the circumstances of his possessing features which were very ordinary. One might have excused the compressed lips, the sallow cheeks, and the sharp face; but the expression of the eyes was not always favorable. It appeared as if they were anxiously on the watch; and at times, when strongly excited, while he cheeks remained colorless, and no word breathed from the lips, the passion which created a heartquake in the man, made the eyes flash fire, and conveyed the idea that their possessor must be rather dangerous under the influence of the darker and stronger passions of the mind. It was not often however, that such manifestations were allowed to become apparent, for Buck English had strong self command.

Notwithstanding the absence of beauty of feature, he had succeeded in gaining the good opinion of Lucy Penrose, a young lady who had recently succeeded to a very considerable property in the vicinity of Cork. Indeed, it was rather more than simply her good opinion. It may even be admitted—on the understanding, of course, that it remain an inviolable secret, that Buck English had made a strong impression on the lady's mind, so much so, that at the particular period at which this narrative takes her up, she was deliberating whether she would admit to him or deny for a little longer, that he was the master of the heart which fluttered—how anxiously within her breast.

She had met him that evening at a rout (so they called their parties in those days,) and he had ventured to insinuate, rather more boldly than at any former period, how much his happiness depended upon her. She had been on the point of making a very gentle confession—more of blushes than words, when a movement towards the retired part of the saloon in which they sat, apart from the dancers, startled the lady, while the exclamation, 'Lucy Penrose—where can she be?' informed her that inquiries were doing made for her. So with drawing her hand from that of her suitor, and making an effort to appear calm and unembarrassed, she awaited the advent of the lady who had spoken. Presently came up her caperon, a lady of high birth and scanty means, who condescended to reside with her. This personage, gravely regarding Buck English, whom she did not like, (because she thought it probable that he might succeed with Miss Penrose and thereby make her own occupation "gone" like Othello's) said "I am sure, sir, that if you had known what a pleasure you have deprived her of, you would not have detained her here. Lucy, my dear, only think who has arrived!—who but Frank Penrose, your cousin? He has been in the rooms more than half an hour, and has been anxiously looking for you everywhere."

Before a reply could be made, the cousin made his appearance, and was received rather formally by Lucy. Cousin Frank, however, was an Irishman and a lawyer, and therefore not very likely to be put down or taken back by a cold reception. He was introduced to Buck English, but the greeting between the gentlemen was anything but cordial. English saw a rival; and one, too, whom, it was said, Lucy penrose's father had been desirous to see the husband of his only daughter; while the other, to whom the chaperon had communicated the intimacy between the young lady and the dashing stranger, saw at a glance that it would have been quite as well if he had'nt left her so much in the way of becoming heart-stricken.

"Shall I lead you down to supper?" said he. "You know, my dear Lucy, that you and I have a hundred things to talk about."

"I am sorry, Frank," she replied, that I cannot have the pleasure of taking your arm. I had promised Mr. English, before you came, to avail myself of the advantage of his escort. But Madame, I have no doubt, will be happy under your protection, and you can unburthen your mind to her."

And thus it happened that Lucy Penrose took the arm of English, while her chaperon rested on that of Frank Penrose.

"Confound the fellow!" said he, glancing at our hero. "On what a very intimate footing he has established himself with Lucy! Can it really be that she is smitten with such a face?"

"Very likely," was the reply. "It was not the countenance, but the mind of Othello, that the bright Venitian lady was enamored of. When the manners are agreeable, the accident of an ordinary face is specially of not the least importance.

'It is a pity,' said Frank, "that I have delayed my return so long. Assists me in deposing this gentlemen, and my gratitude shall be more than a name. I have always made so certain that Lucy was to become my wife, that this security has led me to neglect her. At all events, I can tell you that this Mr. English shall not snatch such a prize from me without a struggle. I confess I do not like him.

'Natural enough: he is a rival, and apparently on the way to be a successful one.'

By this time they had reached the supper table. Frank Penrose behaved with distant politeness to Buck English, who as usual, was the centre of conversation. As the hours advanced, Lucy said to her cousin, 'can you tell me what o'clock it is Frank, as I have let my watch run down?'

Frank, with a smile; answered, 'two months ago I could have done so; but one of the knights of the road met me, in a lonely part of Kilworth Mountain, and relieved me of taking further care of watch or purse.'

There was a smile in the manner in which the young lawyer related the loss, and then followed many inquiries as to the circumstances.

'All I know,' said Frank, 'is, that I was encountered on a lonely ride by a gentleman, who, taking me quite unprepared, put a pistol to my breast, and demanded my cash and other portable property. I did not surrender it without a struggle, and throwing myself off my horse, closed with my foe. His pistol went off without doing me any injury, and I then drew my sword. My enemy, who was as much master of that weapon as myself, succeeded in disarming me, forced me to surrender money, watch, and a few rings, mounted my horse and rode off, but speedily returned, with the polite assurance that he trusted I would accept a few pieces from him, as he presumed I did not intend remaining on the mountain all night, and that he knew from experience how disagreeable it was to be at a strange inn without money. He handed me five guineas, and said that if I wanted more, his purse—it had been mine—was quite at my service.'

'Would you know the man again?'

'No; for the face was partly covered with crape.'

Supper ended, Miss Penrose, and the rest of the lady guests retired. The gentlemen escorted them to their carriages and returned—as was the fashion of the time—to drink their health in claret which had never been under the surveilance of any custom house officer. One bumper led to another, with the usual result—the liberations were not to the goddess of Concord. By accident, the name of Lucy Penrose was mentioned, with the allusion to the good terms on which Buck English evidently was with her. Frank Penrose rose and angrily declared that his cousin's name should not be bandied about at a public table, and in conjunction, too, with the name of a person of whom no body knew anything. English remained so quiet under this intentionally offensive allusion, that some who did not know him well, began to think him deficient in courage. The insult was repeated in other and harsher words, until English's forbearance was endded. He leaned across the table, and said, in a low voice, 'Mr. Penrose, those words must be withdrawn or atoned for.'

'Take them as you please,' said Penrose, 'I stand by them.'

'Then, said the other, 'let me name Captain Cooper as my friend, whom shall he meet on your part?'

After a pause, during which he appeared to consider his course of action, Penrose said that in two days he expected a friend whom he could employ on such business, and hoped the delay would not inconvenience Mr. English. A distant bow denoted his acquiescence, and thus, almost without its being known to more than three or four persons besides the parties themselves, was arranged a meeting for life or death. The outward show of civility was maintained on both sides, though hostile feelings rankled beneath.

As the party was breaking up, English addressed himself to Penrose, and inquired where and when his friend should call upon the other's second.

'At ten on Thursday, at Daly's club house?'

'Very well,' was the response, 'and who shall my friend enquire for?'

'Let him ask for Mr. D'Arcy Mahon, the barrister.'

At that name English perceptibly shrunk as from a blow.

'D'Arcy Mahon!' he repeated.

'Yes,' said Penrose, 'have you any objection to him?'

'None,' was the reply. On that they separated.

On that evening, on returning home, Lucy Penrose applied herself, in the solitude of her chamber, to serious thought, upon the state of her affections. It was evident that her cousin was piqued at her preference for English, and his arrival was likely to bring the affair to an issue. Lucy paused for some time in doubt as to what course she should pursue. She had a regard for her cousin Frank; she confessed to herself with a blush and a sigh, that she had other and more cherished feelings for English. It is proverbial how a woman's deliberations in an affair of the heart invariably end; and so having made up her mind in favor of Buck English, the most delightful companion—although not the handsomest—fate had thrown in her way, she prepared to retire to rest.

As she was unloosening the golden beauty of her luxuriant tresses, glancing now and then at a flower given to her by him, and carefully put in a vase on her dressing table, Lucy Penrose heard a gentle tap at the window. She withdrew the curtain and saw, in the pale moonlight, the face of him who was even then occupying her thoughts. He held a note in his hand which he left on the window sill, and disappeared as suddenly as he came before her. The note urged her, in the strongest and most beseeching terms to admit the writer for a few minutes, and hinted it would be the last interview they might have, and plainly stated that it related of life and death. The urgency of the appeal, as well as her natural desire to see one in whom she felt such a deep interest, prevailed, and Lucy Penrose hastily adjusted her attire, quitted her chamber and opened the door, at which she found English in waiting. Light of body and active of limb, he found no difficulty in ascending to Lucy's window by means of the ivy which covered the house, and his descent was even more facile.

When he found himself along with Lucy in one of the apartments where she had frequently received him as a visitor, Buck English appeared overwhelmed with emotion. Quickly recovering himself he addressed her in this manner:—'I have to thank your kindness, Miss Penrose, for thus giving me an opportunity of taking leave of you. I am a dishonored man, or shall be, and most publicly, too, if to morrow sees me near this place.—After you retired from the ball, your cousin Frank fixed a quarrell upon me, which I endeavored to avoid by acting and speaking with the greatest forbearance. I named a friend who would act for me in a matter so unpleasant, and your cousin asked for delay until the arrival of a gentleman who should perform the like office for him. He named D'Arcy Mahon—the only man under existing circumstances, who must not see me, because I have the strongest motives for avoiding him—I have just heard of his arrival, earlier than Frank expected him.'

'I assure you,' said Lucy, 'that Mr. Mahon is a most honorable man, and more likely to pacify than irritate any parties who are placed before him with hostile feelings to each other. Sure you cannot know him?

'No one,' replied English, somewhat haughtily, 'can say that I have shrunk, at any time, from giving or asking the satisfaction which gentlemen must sometimes grant or require. But it is impossible that I can meet Mr Mahon on any terms or under any circumstances, without him recognizing me as one whom he has met before under a darker and different aspect of affairs.'

'Your words excite my wonder and alarm,' said Lucy. 'Will you remove the veil from this mystery?'

'Yes,' said he, after a pause. 'It is a sad confidence, but you are entitled to it. You have probably known of a person who is generally known as Captain Spanger?'

'Certainly. The terror of travellers, and the head of that band of highwaymen who have infested the south of Ireland for the last two years.'

'The same. That man, to my knowledge, is the younger son of a respectable house in England. Evil example and a youthful impatience of control alienated him from his friends, and sent him abroad in the world, among many grades of society, but not particularly among those by whom he could profit in mind, body, or estate. After many wanderings he became the companion or guest of a party of sugglers who were banded together in the county of Waterford, and by their boldness and success had challenged the notice of the Executive. Unfortunately, while the Englishman's love of wild adventure led him to spend a night in the smuggler's tent, and at the very time treachery had betrayed the band, who were surrounded by a strong military force. To fight their way through this armed power, very greatly superior in numbers, was what the smugglers determined upon; and unwilling to remain and be taken prisoner, the chance visitor of the night, with scarcely a moment for thought and none for deliberation, joined the sortie, and made a dash for freedom. Some effected their escape without any hurt, a few wounded, some were captured. The Englishman was among the prisoners. The Assizes were at hand, and as it was thought to make an example, the trial of the smugglers were hurried on. The evidence against the Englishman was conclusive; he was found in armed array against the military, and in company with notorious law breakers. What could he do? He concealed his name was indicted under that of Spanger, was tried and convicted. When brought up to receive sentence, in the assize court of Clonmel, he thought he saw the opportunity for a bold effort. Light, active, and strong, he vaulted out of the dock; the crowd opened to conceal him for there was a strong sympathy for persons accused of such breaches of the law as he was believed to have committed. While in the midst of the crowd, a great coat, such as the peasantry wear, was thrown around him by one, another bestowed a cap of fox-skin, and a third whispered to him to keep quiet, as, if he did not betray himself, his disguise was sufficient to defy detection.

'Incredible as it may appear—but I see that you have heard something of this affair—Spangler remained in the courthouse all day, though a dilligent search was made for him, and walked into the street, unchallenged with the rest of the crowd. He was literally alone, unfriended—penniless, in a strange country. The men who had supplied, on the impulse of the moment with the means of baffling detection, speedily came in his way and gave him the further aid of shelter and food. What need I more to say than, those men who lived by plunder, succeeded in enrolling their guest among them. Utter want in the first instance, and the fear of being given up to the government on the other, causing him to plunge into guilt. Very soon he became leader of the band, and the deeds and name of Captain Spanger are sufficiently known throughout the country.

'When he had completely identified himself with them, so as to obtain their unquestionable obedience. Spanger availed himself of the privilege of sometimes leaving them for a brief period—continuing however to regulate their improvements and participate in their gains; one of them always remaining with him, acting as his servant, and the channel of communicatien with the band. Thus he has resided, at different times, in the principal towns in the south of Ireland. His last residence was in Cork, where, under a name given him by common consent rather than assumed by him, and with ample pecuniary means at his command, he contrived to be received into the best society. One hope remained, that of offering his sword to some foreign power, and thus resuming the condition he had quitted. But while taking measures to do this, he became deeply enamored with a lady the most beautiful and engaging of her sex, and delayed his departure from reluctance to quit the heaven of her smiles. Perhaps, under other circumstances, he might have even ventured to hope that his suit would have been successful.

'Lucy, he who has related this story is the same Spanger, whose name has made many a cheek pale, many a bold heart tremble. D'Arcy Mahon was the counsel employed against me at Clonmel, and knows every feature of mine so well, that he could not fail to recognise me; if I remain, he meets me to-morrow—shame, disgrace, punishment, would follow. It is true, circumstances have been me what I am. But there is a Future for all who are willing to regain the position I have forfeited. Not in this country can I hope to do so; but are other countries where fortune and reputation are to be won, and there shall I make the effort. To have known you, to find my heart capable, even yet, of appreciating the beauty and purity of your mind, will console me in my long and distant evils. Farewell.'

He bent on his knee to take and kiss that delicate hand—did it linger in his? He looked in that lovely face—did those violet eyes smile upon him through the dew which hung upon their long fringes? He heard a low whisper—did it tell him to retrieve the past and hope, while he did so, for the due reward from a loving heart? A long kiss upon those ripe lips, a few mere hurried words, and Buck English was away, as suddenly as he came.

How imprudent!—how unfeminine!—how entirely at variance with the conventionalities of society! No doubt, but what has been related is true. As for Lucy's avowed love for such a person as English—even on his own showing—why seek to put it to the test of every day thought.

"Why did she love him? Curious fool be still!
"Is human love the growth of human will?

The morning after the interview between Lucy and her lover, considerable anxiety was caused in the minds of his acquaintances by the fact of his disappearance, and the report that he had met with a fatal accident. His horse returned home riderless, and a hat and glove known to have been worn by him, were found on the banks of the Lee, about two miles from Cork, a place where he was fond of riding at all hours. Curiously enough, Lucy Penrose did not seem much concerned at the loss of one to who it was believed she had shown rather a partiality. A few months after, when she had attained her majority and entered into full possession of her property, she rejected the proffered hand of her cousin Frank. Ere the year was out her estates were in market, and the purchase money invested in the securities of some foreign country.

This done, she bade farewell to the place of her nativity and he friends of her youth; nor did any definite account of her future life over reach Ireland. But some time after, many persons who had encountered Spanger's predatory followers, experienced the pleasant surprise of receiving back whatever money had been taken from them: this restitution took place to a very great extent. In the fullness of time there came rumors (which were credited,) that somebody marvelously like Buck English, had obtained rank and reputation in the German service, and eventually retiring to a distant province of the empire, he had turned his sword into a ploughshare, and cultivated with great success, an estate which he had purchased there. It was was added that a lady, strikingly resembling Lucy Penrose, was the wife of this person; and that they had lived happily with their children around them, that their retainers and dependents adored them for their considerate kindness; and that, though they always condemned crime, they united in suggesting that he who committed it, might have been led into it by circumstances rather than desire.

HOW MR. SMITH GOT THE COUNTERSIGN.

The following is the conclusion of a letter of a correspondendent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Liberty, Clay County, Mo.

Before I conclude this already unconscionable letter, I must tell you a bran new anecdote that I heard yesterday—no other paper has the news. To enjoy it, however, you should have heard it narrated, as I did, by an actor in the scene, a Missouri volunteer. You know this is Doniphan's country, and the narrator a bit of wag, by the by, was a volunteer in his regiment. It seems that when the regiment was at El Paso, some Mexican nob had got up a big fandango, to which all the officers and none of the privates were invited. The sentinels were posted out round the encampment, the word for the night was given out, and strict orders were issued to the officers of the night to permit none of the volunteers to pass the lines without giving the countersign. This done, the Colonel and most of the officers on duty departed.

It happened that the name of a gentleman, whom we will call Tom Smith, graced the muster rolls of the regiment, and the gentleman in question, though only a private, was aware of the party and the restriction, and fancied that he could enjoy the fruity wines of El Paso, and manage a flirtation with the Mexican *senoritas* as well as his betters. There was one decided obstacle in the way, however. To attend the fandango it was absolutely necessary to pass the guard—it was a bright moon-light night, the sentinels were Missouri riflemen, and could hit a squirrel's eye at one hundred yards. Now Tom stood six feet nothing in his stockings (when he wore a pair) and was large in proportion, the certainly of being shot at, and the equal certainty of being hit, made the risk of trying to dodge the guard, as Tom first intended, entirely too imminent, and after due cogitation he was reluctantly compelled to admit to himself, that before he could participate in the pleasures of the party to which he was uninvited, it was necessary to know the countersign. Tom, therefore, sought his tent and consulted his messmates.—Now, every man of them was anxious to go, but no one could devise any means of overcoming this insuperable obstacle.—Tom's mess was a knowing one. Every b'hoy's mouth watered when he thought of the 'fandango,' and they had already fruitlessly tried all the usual means of learning the word for the night. They had found the officers of the guard unapproachable, the guard was vigilant and incorruptible, and, "What is the countersign?" was a secret as undiscoverable as the identity of the author of Junius, or the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin. The mess was in despair, and they were almost on the point of swearing that they did'nt believe it would be much of a 'fandongo' after all, when a lucky idea occurred to Tom. With him, to think was to act—he was a philosopher, though not of the Grecian school, and instead of shouting "Eureka," he proceeded coolly and deliberately adjust his uniform, (which consisted of a brimless hat, leathern breeches, and a linsey hunting shirt,) the efficiency of the Missouri regiments, however, depended upon their trusty weapons and their ability to use them, and when Tom's trusty sabre was buckled to his side, his equipment arranged, and his carabine shouldered, he was armed exactly as were the sentinels then on duty. This effected, he proceeded to address his wondering fellew soldiers:

'Now, boys,' said he, 'mum's the word—keep your eyes skinned and be ready for a start, and if I don't *get the word* in forty minutes, may my carbine hang fire, and my sabre loose its edge, the next time we meet the Greasers.'

Within a few feet of the line of sentinels and nearly equal distant from the post assigned to two of the guards then on duty, there grew a large muskeet tree that threw its dark shadow a full yard beyond the the line of guards, while every object beyond the the shadow was viesble in the moonlight. Tom took his station in the deep shade, on the line between the two sentinels, whose forms could be dimly traced, while his own tall figure was invisible at a distance of ten feet on either side. Half an hour elapsed, when the distant sound of measured steps, the clanking of sheathed sabres, and the challenge of the nearest sentry, announce that the officer of the guard was making his rounds, and the hour for changing the sentinels had arrived. The tired guard was relieved, the new sentinels posted, and the officer and his guard approached Tom's position. When within twenty-feet of the shadow Tom stepped out into the moon light, his carbine was brought to the 'present arms,' the sharp click of the lock was heard, and Tom shouted in a sentorian voice—

"Who comes there? Stand, or I fire!"

"Grand rounds," returned the officer, who never doubted for a moment, but that he was one of the regularly posted sentinels.

'Stand fast, grand rounds," continued Tom, "advance officer and give the countersign!"

Tom's genius had overcome the obstacle. The unsuspicious officer advanced and whispered into Tom's ear the magical words—"We fight for our country." Tom was believed, a sentry stationed, and the guard continued their round. Tom wheeled into the rear of the party, and when the round was completed, was discharged with the rest.

Need I add, that Tom's whole mess that night, honored Don Pedro R——'s fandango with their presence—that they even condescended to drink his wines, discuss his supper, and smoke a cigaretta with his daughters—and that no one of the party danced higher, kicked louder, flirted harder, or drank deeper than Tom Smith.

Rumor says that the officer of the guard that night, complained that his grand roster, by some mistake in the draft, was a man short, and it is averred on the same authority, that when Doniphan asked Tom the next morning, "How the devil his mess had managed to pass the guard?' that Mr. Smith modestly replied, first placing the thumb of his dexter hand at the terminus of his nasal organ, and gracefully waving his digits in the atmosphere, "Why Colonel, some things can be done as well as others!"

A DOLLAR OR TWO.

With cautious step we tread our way through
This intricate world as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two—
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two—
Through country and town,
As we may pass up and down,
No passport's so good as a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of a bachelor crew,
And the hand of a female divinity sue?
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it should cost you a dollar or two.
Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two
And affection is gained by a dollar or two,
The best aid you can meet,
In advancing your suit,
Is the eloquent chink of a dollar or two.

Would you wish your existence with faith to imbue,
And enroll in the ranks of the sanctified few?
You must freely come down with a dollar or two.
The gospel is preached for a dollar or two,
And salvation is reached by a dollar or two,
You may sin some at times,
But the worst of all crimes,
Is to find yourself short of a dollar or two.

When lovely woman veils her bosom
With muslin fashionably thin,
What man with eyes, could e'er refuse 'em
From casually peering in?
And when his ardent gaze returning,
The dry goods heaved to deep drawn sighs
Would not his finger-ends be burning
To press—his hat down o'er his eyes?

The New *Hampshire* Telegraph says: "After appearances began to indicate that the Democracy had got a pretty severe drubbing at the election, one of the Unterrified was explaining it to another and attributed it to the Nebraska bill.

'The Nebraska bill,' said the intelligent sovereign, 'there's money enough in the treasury, *why don't they pay the d—d thing and have it out of the way?*'

An agriculturist, who has tried the experiment, successfully for three years, says that a few tomato seeds dropped into the hill with cucumbers, or a tomato plant set out which is the better mode, will keep off black fleas and stripe bugs, who dislike the tomato.

I think if all farmers would use more ashes on their potatoes; they would have less rot among them, and deal better crop for the table. One part plaster and two parts ashes, dropped on the potatoe in the hill, and then as many times after as one has it to spare to put on, will pay.

We once heard a Vermonter express his opinion of a person in the following style of the classics; I could take, said he, the little end of nothing and whittle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a horse hair, and put in forty thousand such souls as 'his, shake them up and they'd rattle.'